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## A DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN—WAITING FOR

THE WOMAN TO GET READY.

When they reached the depot, Mr.

Man and his wife gazed with unex-

pected disappointment at the receding train

which was just pulling away from the

bridge at the rate of a thousand

miles a minute. Their first impulse was

to run after it, but as the train was out

of sight and whistling for Sagetown before

they could act upon the impulse, they

remained in the carriage and discon-

solately turned the horses' heads home-

ward.

It all comes of having to wait for a

woman to get ready. Mr. Man broke

the silence very grimly.

"I was ready before you were, replied

his wife.

Great heavens! cried Mr. Man, in ir-

repressible impatience, jerking the horse's

head out of place, just listen to that!

And I sat in the buggy ten minutes,

waiting for you to come along, until the

whole neighborhood heard me!

Yes, acquiesced Mrs. Man, with the

proving placidity which no one can

assume but a woman, and every time

I started down stairs you sent me back for

something you had forgotten.

Mr. Man groaned. This is too much

to bear, when everybody knows that if I

was going to Europe, I would just rush

into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab

up my grip-sack, and fly, while you

would wait at least six months for pre-

liminary preparations, and then dawdle

around the whole day, starting until

every train had left the town.

Well, the upshot of the matter was,

that the Mans put off their visit to Au-

roras until the next week, and it was

agreed that each one should get him or

herself ready and go down to the train

and go, and the one who failed to get

ready should be left. The train was to

go at 10:30 and Mr. Man, after attending

to his usual business, went home at

9:45.

Now then, he shouted, only three-

quarters of an hour to train-time. Fly

around; a fair field and no favors, you

know.

And away they flew! Mr. Man bungled

into his room, and rushed through that

one and dived into one closet after an-

other with inconceivable rapidity, chuck-

ling under his breath all the time to

think how cheap Mrs. Man would feel

when he started off alone. He stopped

on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy

boots to save time. For the same reason

he pulled off his coat as he ran through

the dining-room and hung it on a corner

of the silver chest. Then he pulled off

his vest as he rushed through the hall,

and tossed it on a hook in the hat rack,

and by the time he reached his own room

he was ready to plunge into his clean

clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer

and began to paw at the things like a

Scotch terrier after a rat.

Cleaner! he shrieked, where are my

shirts?

In your bureau drawer, calmly re-

sponded Mrs. Man, who was standing

placidly before a glass, calmly and deli-

berately coaxing a refractory crimp into

place.

Well, by thunder, they ain't! shouted

Mr. Man, a little annoyed. I've emptied

everything out of the drawer, and there

ain't anything in it I ever saw there be-

fore.

Mrs. Man stepped back a few paces,

laid her head on one side, and satisfying

## ELISE'S VANITY.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

Mrs. Man plucking it down to

him.

My valise? he inquired, as he tugged

away at the boot.

Up in your dressing-room, she answer-

ed.

Packed?

I do not know; unless you packed it

yourself; probably not, she replied, with

her hand on the door-knob; I had hardly

time to pack my own.

She was passing out of the gate when

the door opened and he shouted:

Where in the name of goodness did

you put my valise? It has all the money

in it.

You threw it on the hat-rack, she called

back; good-bye, dear.

Before she had got to the corner of the

street she was halted again.

Cleaner! Cleaner Man! Did you

wear off my coat?

She passed and turned, after signaling

the street car to stop, she cried:

You threw it on the silver-chest.

And the street car engulfed her grace-  
ful figure and she was seen no more.

But the neighbors who had heard

Mr. Man charging up and down the

house, rushing out at the front door

every now and then and shrieking up the

deserted streets after the unconscious

Mrs. Man to know where his hat was,

and where she put the valise key, and if

he had any clean socks and undershirts,

and if there wasn't a linen collar in the

house? And when he went away at last,

he left the kitchen door, side door and

front door, all the down stairs windows

and the front gate wide open. And the